

The Radio Demon's Jar

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The Radio Demon's Jar

by Anonymous

Summary

Alastor loves using inanimate objects and his new found interest in video creation!

Sometimes, though, two things should never mix.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Today was a **big** day for Alastor.

The recording camera that he had ordered off the Hellternet had arrived in the hotel mailroom.

Obviously no one thought it strange that he would buy one. The most common theory was that his plan was to use it when causing agony to his victims. It was probably for the best that the others all collectively agreed to come to this conclusion.

Alastor brought the package to his room. He unwrapped it from the paper and set it up to begin recording.

The camera began to focus once Alastor had set up the scene. He had placed a towel that would hold a Jar on top of it.

A jar whose life was about to get a *little* bit wider.

Alastor was completely naked, but the camera only picked up his feet and legs.

He began to bend down, and his elongated manhood had to be held up by him as he placed the frontal area of his anus on the open rim of the jar. However, the jar would end up being more than he can handle. No amount of lube could help the poor man out.

He balanced his manhood that was dripping with pre-cum onto his thigh as carefully as he could as he moved his hands backwards to his behind to help himself slide the jar in easier. The pleasure from the jar entering his body began to encapsulate him.

Everything was going well.

Until it wasn't.

Suddenly, the glass jar shattered into sharp, fragment pieces. The said peices pierced the inner workings of Alastor's rectum instantly, which caused blood to begin pouring out from his ass. He liked blood to some degree, and wanted to keep going, but the pain overtook the pleasure to the point where he couldn't keep going.

"OW! GOD *DAMN IT!*"

Blood was both dripping and gushing out of his lower regions. His manhood fell down and ended up cutting itself in the glass-blood-failure mixture.

Alastor called for Charlie to come help him, but instead of Hell's Princess coming to his assistance, the whole gang followed behind and ended up tramuatized.

Next time, Alastor will promise himself to never enact sexually with inanimate objects made of glass again.

End Notes

some people prefer to cum in a jar.

I prefer to jack in a box.

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